## MONEY LENDERS AT THE TRACK

PAWNBROKING ON THE SLY BONE ON THE RACECOURSES.

Diamonds the Chief Security-Pledged Several Times in a Day Sometimes -The Hocked Bace Horse-Why a Pawnshop at the Track Wouldn't Do.

"I guess maybe the privilege of conducting pawnshops on the racetracks around York wouldn't be a big thing," remarked a Tenderioin money lender at the Brighton track the other afternoon. "It the Jockey Club people would stand for my putting up a little three-ball booth on each of the tracks during the New York racing season, I could easily afford to pay half the profits for the privilege, and, charging very low interest rates on quickly redeemed pledges. I'd be pretty near ready to retire rich at the end of five years.

The metropolitan racing body has often been approached by responsible pawnbrokers eager to offer almost any terms for the privilege of conducting a loan business on the New York racetracks. Such offers have invariably been refused, and probably always will be. Money-lending establishments are openly conducted with the permission of the racing authorities on several European racecourses, particularly in Germany and Austria. But the American temperament is far different from the Teutonic, and the Jockey Club's view is that pawnshops on the New York tracks would be bad for the sport.

Nevertheless, the lending of money on personal property is quietly, not to say furtively, carried on at the racetracks around New York. A number of peripatetic pawnbrokers, well known to most of the regulars, are to be found lurking around the betting ring stanchions when the game is on, and they drive a flourishing trade.

It is more than possible that their pres ence on the tracks is known or suspected by the racing authorities, but as they are all discreet men and as their dealings are conducted almost exclusively with the hopeless, dyed-in-the-wool regulars, their operations are, as a rule, overlooked. Once in a while an outsider slips in who makes his business too palpable, but such fellows do not last long. Not long ago, at Sheepshead Bay, one of them who undertook to suggest to observant persons the nature of his business by wearing a pin composed of three gold balls in his scarf found himself waiting for the next trolley car within a very short time after he had entered the track gate.

"The hardest work we have to do is to keep under cover," remarked one of the track money-lenders. "We don't issue any tickets to our customers, any more than do the bookmakers on the New York

"The boys on my list know where to find me when they need me. They pass over their stuff, I hand them the money, and make a brief memorandum of the deal in my little book.

I scale my charges a good deal from those charged in the regular pawnshops, on account of the short periods during which I have possession of most of the pledges that drift my way. Diamond gear is the only stuff I handle aside from valuable timing watches, and not too many of them.

"It's nothing uncommon for a hauled regular sailing with the wind under reefed tops'ls to pop his stuff in several times in the course of an afternoon's racing. Last Saturday afternoon, for example, a horse follower with whom I've been doing business for years passed me his ring rock, a six-carat blue-white gem, and took \$500

"That must have been about the thoupossession. I've often offered to let this man have what money be needed without taking any of his stuff as securitiv, but he has always declined such offers. "'I want to know that I'm running for

blood,' he tells me, 'and that it's a case with me of no land-right, no flash-light.

"Well, he got in right on the first race and pulled his circlet boulder out before getting his velvet down on the second. He got the dumperino in the second, and snagged out \$500 again on his hoop lantern to bet on his pick for the third.

"He put this one over and took the Jagerfontein flasher away from me before dropping his earned increment on the fourth. The fourth smudged him out again, and the finger bracelet came my way once more to enable him to toss bis regular \$500

"He stuck his pencil in the right one in this, getting 4 to 1 against Lord Badge for bis \$500. Again he herded me into my corner and took the ring away from me, and then he clapped \$500 of his plush money on the right one, Rostand, to cop the final event on the card, quitting the afternoon "He's been swinging right along up the

line this week, and I don't figure on getting him again until he comes back from Saratoga. Most of the boys on my little list creep back from the Saratoga meeting with their kicks turned inside out, by the way. What the ponies fail to do to them up at the Springs the fare layout finishes. "I was the owner of a good racehorse for a week or so at Morris Park last spring. although, of course, there was no record of

it. I had no colors registered with the Jockey Club, and nobody on earth besides myself knew anything about the transaction except the owner who hocked the nag with

"I only took the horse because the owner insisted upon it, and had it ever come to that-which I knew it wouldn't-the owner could have repudiated the whole transaction and have had me put off the grounds, supposing a had been imbecile enough to want to claim the racer. But I had known this owner for years, and I knew that he was

right.
"His string was reduced to only three horses-he'd been fighting to keep off the rocks for some time-and the best one of the trio was in a race one afternoon. The

owner dug me out.

"I want to get a bet down on my plug," he said to me, 'but I'm all in, and I'm not going to ask any of the bookies for markers it 'ud tickle some of them too much to know that they'd pushed me on the lees shore. Want to buy that horse of mine

that's running to-day?' ild I do with him-give him to my wife for a kimono sleeve dog?' I laughed. 'How much do you need? You can have anything reasonable that I'm strong enough for, and keep your horse.'

"Nope—don't want it rigged that way, said the owner. Want to be in or out—one way or the other. The horse is worth \$3,000 or \$4,000—I was offered \$3,500 for him a while ago. You can have him, now, for \$2,000. If, later on, you'd care to pass him back to me for the \$2,000 and your fee, all

right. If not, all right, too,"
"What's going to become of the horse
if I take him? I'm not a horseman, I said.
"T'll keep him in my shed and train him

for you, and the purses or pieces of the purses that he cops are yours, said the

owner.

"This man was an ace on my list, and I was willing to let him have it his way and keep himself in countenance. I let him have the \$2,000. He planked it all on his horse at 2 to 1, and the horse was beaten an awayinker.

That's a nice horse you've got in my

barn, even if he was beat to-day, the owner, unperturbed, said to me that evening.

'When do you want to run him again?'

"'Up to you, pal,' I replied, with the grin. 'You're my trainer now, you know, and it's your end to keep track of these little details.'

"A week later he came to me and asked "A week later he came to me and asked my permission—that's the way he put it, and it sounded funny enough to me—to drop the horse into what he thought was a soft spot a couple of days later. I gave him the equired permission.
"One of his other horses had in the mean-

one of his other horses had in the mean-time won a \$1,000 purse for him, and he got this \$1,000 down on the horse that he bad hocked with me at 6 to 1. The horse came home in a polka, and then the owner came to me and solemnly inquired if I wanted to sell my horse back to him.
"I did, of course, and that was the wind-

up of my unofficial, unregistered, week-long ownership of a racehorse. I got the purse that he won while I owned him, but I didn't have the satisfaction, which they say owners experience, of sceing the horse with my colors. However, the color of the purse

was good enough for mine.
"Notwithstanding the efforts which we make, and have to make, to keep under shelter of the foliage, we're constashelter of the foliage, we're constantly being rooted out by shines and pikers who around until they get next, or think hink they get next, to what we're doing around the tracks, and we have troubles of

"Some of them have got the nerve to try to sandbag us on the strength of what they to sandbag us on the strength of what they know, but I could mention one of us that hasn't stood for any of these shake-downs up to the present moment. A stable hanger-on came to me the other day, before the races, and, herding me into a leafy place, he pulled from his pocket a thorough the day before the pulled from his pocket a strength bag of the strength of th thoroughbred's racing plate and tried to

dit to me. 'What for?' I asked him, beginning the back-away.
"What do I git on it?' he asked me, con-

fd ntly. fd nilv. 'It's one of de plates what Salvator wore w'en he beat de woil's mile record at Monmout', an' it's wort' a bundle.

record at Monmout', an' it's wort' a bundle. What you passin' me on it?'
"'What's the use of wasting good smelt bait in fishing for shad when you ought to know that shad don't take the hook?' I asked the lout, continuing the back-away.
"'Youse don't want t' git de hot feet off'n de groun's, do youse, Mister Shad?' he asked me, cockily. 'Me an' Bobby Pinkerton chests' de same gob o' gum—youse

asked me, cockily. 'Me an' Bobby Finker-ton chews' de same gob o' gum—youse-don't want t' overlook dat.'

"That was the coarsest kind of work, of course, but a lot of these gaspipe wielders have got the bug that we're in such a posi-tion owing to the nature of our business that we're virtually forced to stand for the that we're virtually forced to stand for the hurry touches whenever they're framed up. "A few weeks ago at Sheepshead Bay, I was sitting up in my out-of-the-way corner of the stand, doing a little checking up, when I observed, out of the tail of my eye, a fellow a few seats below rubbering at

me. A flash woman sat alongside of him.
"The shine gave me the salute when "The shine gave me the salute when he caught my eye, although I had never seen him before, that I knew of, and I passed him as choppy a duck of the head as I could." Then I saw the woman pull a big three-stane diamond ring off her finger and hand it to the fellow. He immediately darted up to where I was sitting, stooped over, and tried to slip me the ring.

"'About \$200 will do,' he said to me

trying to be mysterious.
"I don't do business with gleams of that sort, on the race track or anywhere else. I wouldn't lend a male individual the price of a cake of dog soap on a \$1,000 gig-lamp if I was certain that he had wheedled the

gand out of some woman.
"'I'm not making book,' I told the fellow "The ring's down below, beneath the stand."
"Oh, you know what I mean,' he said, trying to wink me into cheerfulness. 'A two-hundred dollar loan on this, you know.' "Guess again,' I told him. 'You're in wrong. I'm a chiropodist, and I'm real

busy right now, at that."
"Well, the duck got his weight-lifter's weskit on right away then.

"You're a-going to pass me \$200 on this thing or I'm going to show you up,' was the way he came at me, and he was quite some hoarse around the tonsils. You can't do it for some and pass others along, and get by with it. Me for the long roar from the top of the cliffs if you try that on, and you have me. weskit on right away then.

you hear me. The cooling-out department for piking slung-shotters is four aisles to the left where those two cops are standing,' I said to the tinhorn strangler. 'If you don't want to stand for a pinch by the Pinks on my charge—and I'll make it—that you

"He went, for he knew that if he ever got ne went, for he knew that it he ever got edged once off the grounds on anybody's complaint that he was engaged in touting, the rule-off would be permanent. That threat to have the would-be garroters corralled on the touting charge is one of the few edges we've got, and we often have

"A couple of afternoons ago the man from whom I buy groceries in New York edged over to me, all het up and excited, just before the fifth race, and, unscrewing nis big yellow diamond stud, asked me to let him have a hundred on it. He's a squar chap, but I could see that he had the holi day horse-betting hectic flush, and I hated to see him dump his money, particularly as the fifth race was one of those shreddy as the fifth race was one of those shreddy affairs for apprentice jocks, and there were fourteen bad maidens in the race. Maiden horses and maiden jocks—I wonder if any of them ever beat that combination?

'What do you want to bet on?' I asked my groceryman, just to draw him out.
"Oh, any old thing, he replied, fever-ishly. 'Just want to get a bet down, that's all. Gimme the hundred. What d'ye like?' "I reluctantly let him have the and, of course, he lost it. But that's the way it would be with all of the holiday crowd if there were wide-open pawnshops on the tracks. They'd all be jamming their stuff in just to get a bet down on any old thing and then their wails on the go-home ride would make the lamentations of Jeremiah sound happy by comparison."

## QUICK WOOING IN INDIANA. A War Veteran Gets a Bride From a Train Waiting on a Siding.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 25 -The Louisville New Albany and Chicago passenger train steamed into Bedford, Lawrence county, one morning this week and the conductor received orders to wait for the southbound train to pass at that point. He ran his train on the siding, and several persons who were at the little station recognized friends on the train and entered for a chat.

Among those who boarded the train was Dr. William Cadle, a veteran of the civil war, aged 71. His appearance attracted the attention of Miss Mary McCracken, a spinster of 45, who was a passenger, and she soon asked who he was. A friend called to the doctor and introduced him to Miss McCracken, remarking as she did so that the two would make a handsome

couple The spinster blushed, but the doctor re plied that he might not be averse to such an arrangement, and the friend arose and gave him her seat by Miss McCracken. Ten minutes later the whistle of the

southbound train was heard down the road and as the doctor rose he was seen to have hold of Miss McCracken's hand and was evidently urging her to leave the train with

Her hesitation was but for a moment and when the pair reached the station platform the doctor offered her his arm and, followed by the crowd, took a beeline for the court house. The doctor had a few moments' conversation with the County Clerk, received a hurriedly written from him, and then Judge Fletche the spinster in matrimony.

The railroad train had remained on the after it left the station the two had been made one. After congratulations, in which all prese

joined most heartily. Dr. Cadle and his bride led the way to the nearest drug store where the flow of soda water continue till everybody in the town had drunk to the health of the newly wedded pair. The doctor has a fine practice at Effingham, and the bride owns a farm near Wes Baden and has a comfortable deposit in

WHEN TWO DEUCES BEAT A FLUSH

And the Winner Threw Away a Chance of Becoming a Millionaire Quickly.

The tall man with the broad shoulders was the most interesting looking man in the car, but he was also the most silent. Scarcely a word had he uttered since the train left Omaha, except to his travelling companion, and by the time Ogden had been passed there were several of the other passengers who had developed considerable curiosity about him.

It was the long-haired man especially who began to show something akin to anxiety about it. It would have taken no great powers of divination to determine the theatrical character of this man's occupation, even if his language had not loudly and frequently proclaimed it. But the tall broad-shouldered man simply sat in his place and played a kind of two-handed whist with the white-haired old gentleman with whom he was travelling and kept his mouth shut while his wits worked.

At Winnemucca the actor jumped up with a camera to try to get some pictures of the blanketed Indians who were sitting along the platform. Maybe the tall man had got his problem all thought out, or maybe he just thought it was his come-in Whatever it was he looked up as the actor started and called out to him:

"You can't get a picture of those Indians! "Can't!" ejaculated the actor, in aston ishment. "Why not?"

"No," answered the tall man, "any more": you can make a pair of deuces beat a flush. The actor stopped and leaned against the arm of the seat opposite the tall man. "But that has been done," he said.

"I never happened to see it," replied the tall man. "It never was done to me." The actor looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. There was something in the expression of the big man, the way his head was set on his shoulders, the contour of the jaw, that helped one to understand that it might not be healthful to trifle with his feelings.

"Yes," continued the actor, "I saw that done once, in fact I did it. That was my one chance to be rich, and I let it go. Now I s'pose I'll be lucky if I avoid walking hereafter.

up with an expression which plainly demanded the rest of the story. "You should never show down after bluff," said the tall man. "It's bad luck

Both the tall man and his partner looked

sure. Wouldn't they stand for it?" "Oh, yes," replied the actor. "The other fellow stood for it all right, but it was the hoodoo that got me. I admit that it's bad luck to show up a winning bluff. Nobody but a chump does it. It certainly fixed

me, all right. "There were five of us in the game. was playing in Washington that winterit was only a few years ago-the show was. I mean-and sometimes I used to ge into a game with some of the Congress

"I had heard before that they ran up some pretty steep games once in a while but I had no real notion of the way they do play or I should never have taken a hand with any of them. But the first time I did I was fairly lucky, and after that I suppose I got a little daffy on it and thought I could come out of it as well as the next one, but some of those fellows were millionaires and I had about as much business playing poker with them as I have now trying to fly. When it comes to an open game I have observed that a big pile is a great assistance to a steady nerve in making the other side look for nickels to pay reet-car fare home with.

"There was a man from Texas in the game the night I speak of, and you wouldn't have to get out the blographical diction aries to see who he was if I should tell you his name. He had been drawing a Government salary for spending his winters in Washington most of the time since the war, I guess. Also there was a Western Senator and a Colonel from the War De partment, besides another just plain com

mon man and myself "Queer how luck runs sometimes. You couldn't beat me that night with a sledge hammer. I caught 'em coming and going.

"Every time I filled it was sure to be the winning hand. Every time I missed filling on the draw it turned out on the play that I would have been skinned to death if I had caught what I wanted. There's no doing that sort of luck, and it wasn't so very long before I began to pile up the stuff in front of me as if I were running the bank at Monte Carlo.

"You know how often it happens that there will be one man in a game whom you can beat every hand. It never makes any difference what he holds, you always have something a little bit better.

"I've had that happen to me when I was the fellow that was getting left each time, and it always nearly drives me crazy. I can stand losing as well as the next man, I think, but to have it go always to the same man, and to hands that are always just a point or two better than mine, sure puts me on the ragged edge before long.

"Well, that was what was happening to that Texas man the night I'm telling you about. He was certainly game about it. I never saw a man take a run of mean luck better than he did, and he used to come after me when he got a good hand as if he meant to eat me up.

"I reckon he figured after a while tha it had got to change before long, and each time he had something nice he thought the charge had come. Then he would go

after me to get it all back at once.
"The end of that sort of play is certain if a man sticks to it. There is always a lot of talk about a change of luck being bound to come, but I doubt if either of you gentlemen has ever seen it come during th "I surely never did, and it did not come

to my friend from Texas that night. He just kept plunging and plunging, going harder each time until at last he went brok "I don't mean clear busted, but only that he had lost all he had with him that night and had drawn a couple of checks for as much more as he apparently cared to stand for at one sitting. But the game had such a grip on him that he couldn't stand it to quit, so he began to put up one thing and another as markers to be re-deemed the next day after he had got into communication with his Texas bank.

"It was one of those curious games that you get into once in a while where one man has all the luck. I was about the onl winner that night, although not all others were losers. The Colonel and the Senator were playing about even and the other man was a

winning. "When he began to put up markers, the Colonel chipped in with the remark that they couldn't beat me that night with a chib. That struck the Texas man hard and he hammered the table with his fist and swore that he would keep at it until he did give me a twist, and with a club at that.
"Well, I was on Easy street as far as win-

little in the hole. It was the Texan who was losing the wad, and I was doing all the

nings went, and would have been glad to lose a good stiff hand to him so as to have a chance to get out of it, for I began to be afraid that it might go too far, and either hurt the Texan or make him so hot that he would hold a grudge against me. But

he kept his temper all right, only he got very much what he called in earnest.

"The luck did not turn, though, and before long he had put up and lost all the trinkets he had as markers. Then he jumped up and let out an oath and declared he would quit. No use bucking such luck, he said, and he'd be hanged if he would try it any longer. Better have some sense about it and quit while he had something left for another session.

eft for another session.

"Then the Western Senator looked up at him and said: "I never saw you quit that way before!"

"That hit the Texan square between the eyes, for he took it that the Senator meant

was a quitter.
"'And you won't this time!' he sung out. "And you won't this time!" he sung out. Here, I've got five hundred acres of cheap land down in my county and I'll chuck that in after the rest. It's worth a little more than a dollar an acre, I think, but we'll call it that and let it go."
"Of course, none of the rest of us was going to stand out at the price of the land, especially as none of us had ever seen or heard of it, so the five hundred acres went in as five hundred dollars. The Texan

in as five hundred dollars. The Texan was to transfer the title the next day if he "Then we had a jack pot, and when the cards were dealt I picked up the two red deuces in my hand. One of my pet superstitions about poker is that you will always help the red deuces in a tight place, so I

what will develop.

"The pot was opened fairly easy at my right, and I went in. Then the Texan, who was the second man on my left, gave "I came in again and the man next me

"I came in again and the man next me on the left hit it up once more just for luck, and I was caught. The Texan stood the raise and boosted it again. So I trailed along until they got through, with nothing in my hand but those red deuces.

"The luck I had been having though, had got them all pretty well afraid of me, so that I was in a first-rate place for a good sharp bluff. I drew three cards and looked as contented as I could.

entented as I could. as contented as I could.

"The opener drew three also, the man on my left took two and the Texan took one. I wondered as he picked it up if that was the time when he was going after me with a club, for it struck me he was drawing for

a club, for it struck me ne was drawing for a flush. The other man, from his raising and taking two, I played for threes. "Well, when the betting began I sat-quiet for a bit until the others had had a change and then I came in with a chance and then I came in with a war-whoop and raised it just as much as the Texan could stand. He had played about four hundred of his acres, and I figured that if I bet just enough to take the rest of them it would make him think I was after

is homestead for sure. "And it did. The opener had dropped out at the first raise, for he hadn't helped the draw. Then the other chap quit, and I sat there grinning and watching the Texan.

"I didn't care a rap whether he called or not, for I would just as soon have had him win as not. But he didn't call. He looked at me a second and then threw down his

"No, by George!" he said, 'you couldn't beat him with a club nor five of them. Take the damned stuff!" "With that he got up and walked over

toward the door.

"'Come in in the morning,' he said, 'and
I'll give you a deed for the land.'

"'You haven't lost it all yet,' chipped

in the Colonel.

"'Well, I'll keep the rest,' answered the
Texau. 'Maybe it will bring me luck.' With that he went away and pretty soon fterward the game broke up; but I had bee afterward the game broke up; but I had been fool enough to show down my hand with nothing in it but those two red deuces.

"The Colonel and the Senator laughed a lot and talked about what fun they would have ragging the Texan. They did, too, for the next day when I saw him they had been there first.

been there first.

"I've come to the conclusion,' he said, 'that that land wasn't meant to be lost in a poker game, and if it's all the same to you I'll redeem it at a dollar an acre and

keep it myseif."

"That was where I made a goat of myself for sure, and lost the only chance I'll ever have of being rich. I took the dollar an acre and he kept the land. And less than four months after that they struck oil on it and that Texan is worth I don't know how many millions. That's what I might have had if I'd kept the land I won."

DOINGS OF THE SINGERS.

era House Open to Georg Anthe -Artists for the Metropolitan. Georg Anthes, the Dresden tenor who broke his contract last year in order to come to the Metropolitan Opera House and thus rendered it impossible for him to sing in Germany or Austria, has just been engaged for the opera house at Budapest. That institution being exclusively Hungarian is not in the Kartel Verein or union of German opera houses, and could, there-

fore, engage Herr Anthes. Until the retirement of Mr. Grau, Anthes expected to sing in the United States for some years to come. His engagement at Budapest solved a serious problem, as

there were few opera houses open to him. Andreas Dippel was to have been the first tenor at the Budapest opera house and he arranged to sing there in May the number of performances always necessary before a regular engagement for three years is made. Before going there he signed his contract for the Metropolitan. and when he arrived at Budapest he was unable to accept the engagment he had

gone there to make permanent. It may be imagined that the impresario was not very well pleased at losing his first tenor on short notice, especially as Herr Dippel had made a great success in the first performance of "Siegfried" ever given in Hungarian. He sang the role in French. The rest of the opera was performed in Hungarian. German is the only tongue not allowed on the stage of the Hungarian opera house. It is forbidden

under the direst penalties. Jean de Reszke, the other tenor expected o sing here next year, has gone to his home in Poland, where Mr. Conried must seek him if he desires to have him in the company. Mr. Conried is probably taking Mr. Grau's advice. That was, not to engage the famous tenor if the subscription had reached by the first of August a figure large enough to secure the financial sucess of the season.

As the subscription is now much more han it was a year ago at this time, Mr. Conried probably realizes that he can make his own terms with the tenor. Edouard de Reszke is also in Poland, resting after his remarkable record of ninety appearances here last season.

Thomas Salignac, who has been the principal tenor of the Covent Garden eason, is still in London. Suzanne Adams has already gone to her home in Devonshire o rest for the season of concert in front of Emma Calvé, who appeared once in

intil the beginning of the opera season Mme. Sembrich has been for a month in Switzerland climbing mountains and losing flesh. Mme. Nordica will remain in Paris until she goes to Munich to take part in the festival performances at the Prince Regent's Theatre.

Mme. Fames is at her summer home in

Berlin and three times in London, has re-turned to Aveyron, where she will remain

Vallombrosa in Italy, and will remain there until she returns to Paris in the autumn. Anton Van Rooy has been in Berlin and Mme. Gadski is spending the summer at Eisenach.
Lilli Lehmann is at her cottage in the American singer Geraldine Farar, who has become her pupil. Pol Plançon, who is to return here next season after an absence of several seasons, will go to Mont Doré at the close of the Covent Garden.

Dore at the close of the Covent Garden performances to prepare himself for his return to the United States.

Mme. Melba, who has also been singing in London, will spend the summer on the Thames and return to this country in October for a concert tour of forty appearances. appeared the next day.

THE PUNISHMENT OF PEEBLES.

An Unpopular Young Man With a Good Brother Who Came to Grief in the Presence of the Girl.

Peebles was probably born unpopular At least he never, so far as any one could remember, achieved unpopularity, except n small and definite assortments, nor was unpopularity thrust upon him. It had lways belonged to him, a sort of birth-

Peebles had a brother who managed o get along with the nickname of Skimp. Generally-vou must have noticed this f you are of an observant trend of mindwhen one of two brothers is a good fellow and the other otherwise, it is the younger nember who wins out on the virtues. With the Peebles boys it was different Skimp, whom everybody liked, was the

elder. Peebles rather lorded it over him

arge and easygoing and kindly. When the Peebles family gave the house party at their lake place, Peebles ran the whole show. Particularly he crowded Skimp out in the matter of The Girl. She was very obviously The Girl for both the brothers. Peebles showed it by a glum and lowering jealousy, Skimp by a

log-like though lighthearted devotion. The Girl took whatever came her way with the equanimity of her sex. After the crowd had shaken down into general good fellowship, Peebles announced late afternoon party at the country club.

"It's a basket party," he said. "All the ake people will be there and each crowd will bring its own provisions. Skimp, you'll have to go to town and order some drinks sent up. We're short." "I thought we were all going up to the

regatta this afternoon early," said some-"So we are," said Peebles. "We'll run up in the launch and get back in time." "But Skimp will miss it if he goes to

own," said the girl. "Oh, if he hustles he'll likely get back n time," said Peebles in his characteristic way. "If he doesn't, he can wait for us." "Humph," said The Girl in a tone which ed one of the other men to remark:

hat race." As Skimp started to row himself across he lake to the train-Peebles hadn't time o take him over in the launch-Peebles shouted after him:

"I'd rather be Skimp than Peebles

"Say, Skimp, be sure and bring out my flannels from the tailor's. I haven't another thing here fit to wear." "All right," said Skimp cheerfully, and

was off. The next view any one had of him wa at 2 o'clock. He was pulling for the shore with true Moody and Sankey fervor in the midst of a violent shower. The only thing dry in the boat was the inside of the grip containing Peebles's clothes, which he had brought from the tailor's.

With the normal perversity of lake weather the clouds cleared away just as ne drove the boat up on shore with a final owerful stroke. "Come on, good people," shouted Peebles.
"Get aboard the launch. We've just got time to get there."
"Can't you wait for me?" asked Skimp,

dripping and breathless.
"D'you want us to miss the race?" de-"Oh, give him a chance, Peebles," re-monstrated several voices. "What if we are late?"

The Girl's voice was in the chorus. "I'll give you just five minutes" said Peebles to Skimp ungraciously. "You'll have to But Skimp was already half way to the house. He had caught a glance from The

Girl's eves—and he

It may have been a genuine five minutes -but most of the watches displayed were short of it—when Peebles, having loaded his party into the launch, said: "Time's up, we're off," and went to the

"Oh, dear," said The Girl involuntarily, and for a moment it looked as if she were going to climb out on the wharf. But at that minute there darted from the front door a figure in white. It sped across the lawn in a beautiful sprint. Skimp had been a good quarter-miler, the year before, in college.
"Wait a minute," he shouted. "I'm

Coming."
That he was coming was very evident That Peebles was going was equally ap-"Too late," he growled, and started the

engine as the runner's foremost foot sounded on the wooden wharf. "Stop her!" "Put back!" Hold on!" "Jump for it!" shouted the crowd. The Girl said nothing, but she turned a look on Peobles that ought to have withered

"I'll make it," panted Skimp, and launched himself from the end of the wharf over the widening water.

It was a gallant jump, but the screw had now got its purchase and the little launch shot ahead. Skimp flung an arm out, missed the stern rail and disappeared in a smother of foam.

of foam.

It is not good form to assault your host;
therefore, Peebles's removal from the
engine must have been by force of public
opinion. It had all the appearance, however, of a physical struggle.

The launch stopped. Skimp's head and

shoulders appeared upon the surface. His face was strangely distorted. He gasped and gurgled.
"He's drowning! oh, help him, somebody!"

cried The Girl. But Skimp wasn't drowning; he aughing, uproariously, outrageously. In a few powerful strokes he reached the wharf, crawled up on it and rolled on the planks, convulsed with ungovernable mirth. The rowd regarded him with chagrin.
"What's the matter with the growled Peebles.

launch pur in, Peebles disembarked. and then came the climax to the astonish ing performance. While Skimp was still rolling with glee, Peebles gave a roar of rolling with gire, receives gave a roar of rage, rushed uporwhim and kicked at him. It was all over in a minute. Skimp came to his feet like lightning. There was a sudden flurry. Peebles shot through the air, cleared the wharf and hit the water with a loud flop. The Girl crowed with satisfaction, while—Skimp dissolved in laughter again. aughter again.
"What's the matter with you, you hys-

"What's the matter with you, you nysterical idiot?" demanded some one.
"Oh Lord!" gasped Skimp. "Don't you see? It was his clothes I had on! Peebles's flaunels. My clothes were soaked. I changed into his. When he pulled the hoa out from under me he was gumming his own game. Oh, Lord, ain't it lovely!" Peebles swam ashore, went to his room and sulked, refusing to come out for the

party. He had no dry clothes that were t, and he was finicky.

Skimp went in a sweater and a pair of dress trousers. He seemed to have a good time. At any rate he and The Girl sat very close together in the bow of the launch,

Auburn's Man-Eating Dog.

For several days in succession last week an Auburn (N. Y.) newspaper printed the following advertisement in the "Lost and Found" column: \$25 REWARD—For the return of a large Newfoundland dog; answers to the name of Rex. kindly disposed toward strangers; will eat almo anything; is especially fond of children.

An indignant subscriber wrote inquiring what the city authorities were doing to protect the "defenceless children of our beautiful city from the ravages of this rav-enous monster." The advertisement disPROGRESS OF ANGELO.

An Italian Bootblack Fulfilling the Prophec of the Rev. Dr. Long.

STAMFORD, Conn., July 25 .- "I have \$750 in the savings bank, and three windows to wash this afternoon." Such was the statement of his assets

made by Angelo Demarco to-day as he was vigorously shining the shoes of a Stamford politician near the town hall. The interest in his financial condition arises from a prophecy uttered a couple of years ago by the Rev. Dr. William J. Long, pastor of the First Congregational Church, who took him for the text of an address delivered at the commencement exercises of a business college.

"If I wish my boots blacked this afternoon at 4," said Dr. Long, "I tell Angelo to be at my house at 4, and Angelo is always there, and he always blacks the boots well. Mark what I tell you: Angelo will not always be blacking boots. One of these days he will be one of those bloated bondholders we hear so much about-men who have the thrift and the industry to amass a fortune.

because he was the cleverer and his mother Angelo had only \$10 when Dr. Long spoke pelleved in him. Skimp endured it, being In addition to accumulating \$750 in the meantime by bootblacking and doing odd jobs, he has contributed toward the support of his family. Altogether he is a good example of how some poor boys end by being rich men.

THE AUTOMATIC DOCTOR. Latest flot Machine Expected to Be Money Maker.

"We're never able to meet the demand for slot machine novelties," said a man in the business. "We're all looking around now for something new for the St. Louis world's fair. "Personally, I don't care so much about

fairs. The machines get a good play there but there are so many counter attractions and you have to give up such a percentage to get on the grounds that in the end you're not so much ahead. "I'd rather have all the New York hotels for mine than all the fairs that ever hap-

pened. The people who pass in and ou through New York hotels and their barrooms have money and spend nickels with out thinking twice. "Take the case of the fellows who go the talking scale which made such a hit along Broadway. THE SUN printed a

piece telling how you got on it and the

scale hollered out your weight. That was

reprinted all over the country and orders piled in on the makers so they could have shipped out 2,500 in a week if they had "But their plant was a small one and they could produce only about fifteen machines a week and they had to buy the scale bases from another small manufacturer. So the free advertising they got has only driven

them frantic. "They can sit down and figure how much money they would be making if all the machines they have orders for were working to-day, taking 75 per cent. of the gross receipts for them. One of these machines down in the Wall Street district has taken in \$1.50 a day for seven months just as regularly as if it was on the city payroll

If the inventors had 3,000 machines out

they would be making a clean \$2,500 a day right along soft profit. By the time half the orders are filled the fad will be over. Then the price will be reduced to a cent, and when that ceases to pay the machines will be leased to advertisers. You can step on one of them and it will call out your weight free and will also advise you to 'Drink Zoo zum's Whiskey' or take some sort of paten

"I've got a machine under way," said another slot magnate, "that will be a money maker for sure. It's an automatic doctor. Then you take a thermometer that's attached to the machine and put it under your tongue. You drop your nickel in and hold your position while a clock right in front of you ticks off sixty seconds.

"Then your pulse and temperature have

been ascertained by the automaton, which registers both on a bit of card and on the other side of the card writes a prescription which you return the thermometer so that it's clean for the next comer. We'll put these machines in drug stores and make the

machines in drug stores and make the druggist give us a percentage of his graft on filling the prescriptions.

"I'm going to take that machine to St. Louis. I expect that at least a million persons in good health will be willing to pay a nickel to get their pulse and temperature told."

THE DEMAND FOR FICTION Not So Widespread as Is Commonly Thought

a Librarian Concludes. With the world becoming fuller of Carnegie libraries every day and with the number of books on library shelves multiplying as the leaves on the trees in spring, librarians are inquiring more and more into the attitude of the public toward the libraries. By means of library statistics the librarians feels the pulse of the book-reading public and tries to keep in touch with the character

of the reading done so that he may keep such goods on his counters as are desired. The fiction read by public library borrowers in this country, for instance, runs from 65 to 85 per cent. of the total number of volumes taken out. But, having ascertained the fiction percentage, the librarian has only begun his examination of the

reading taste. John C. Dana, librarian of the Newark Public Library, recently took fifteen work ing days, from June 4 to June 20, and had the circulation analyzed down to the finest point possible, with interesting results. He finds that only 40 per cent. of library borrowers continue to take books frequently after the first eighteen months. He has discovered that the borrowers who call constantly for fiction are comparatively

In an article covering his researches which will appear in the Library Journal

for August, he says: "The total number of novels which were borrowed during the fifteen days was 8,118. The total number of persons who borrowed these novels was 4,181. Half of these took only one novel. The other half, or 2,000 persons, took out 6,000 different novels in fifteen days; 1,222 drew two novels each in that period. About 600 took out three novels each; 276 four novels each; 100 persons drew 500 different novels, or 5 each, in fifteen days; 50 others took out 6 novels each; 22 borrowed 7 novels each; 3 persons took out 8 each; 1 took 9, and 1

The persistent hovel borrower at a public library is not, then, by the showing of these figures, entitled to the name legion. Libra-rians generally have long been of the opinion that it is necessary for them to keep on hand a large supply of the most recent fiction, without much regard for its quality, and even at some loss of fullness as regards the library's list of books in departments. "They have thought it was necessary thus to stock their shelves with recent

opular novels because they have supposed hat the general public, the mass of the book borrowers, were all of one mind as to such books. They have been inclined to think that all their card holders wished the library to keep on hand a good supply

of the latest novels.

"Our figures, based on an investigation of only fifteen days, are, of course, not conclusive, but they point very strongly to the conclusion that out of the total number of the total number of the liberty of ber of persons who make use of the library to the extent of taking out cards a very small percentage are making frequent inquiry for recent novels or even for fiction

PROFITS OF THE LECTURERS.

A GOLDEN AGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY THE LATE MAJOR POND.

Stream of British Celebrities to This Country-Explorers Most Successful on the Platform-Big Men Who Wouldn't Lecture-Why Ibsen Won't Come Here,

When the late Major J. B. Pond took Ana Eliza Young, the Mormon President's runaway wife, out of Utah on a lecturing tour all over the country, he set up a form of the lecture which he saw reach its high

est success and then decline. When he took Henry Ward Beecher to England he made in his way almost as great an impression upon Englishmen as the lecturer, and from that tour began a new succession of pilgrimages by British celebrities in search of American dollars.

British celebrities no longer attract great audiences in American lecture halls, but for a quarter of a century after Beecher's tour America was the happy hunting ground of authors, preachers, explorers, war correspondents, and occasionally of politicians from the other side. For fifteen years of that period the prices obtained by the successful lecturer were enough to tempt almost any man, and most of the time native celebrities shared in the harvest of dollars. Explorers on the whole have had the most striking success as lecturers, if success is

to be measured by money. Even they

however, were generally most successful when a charity of some kind intervened between them and the public. When Stanley made his last lecturing tour in this country he obtained a contract for \$2,500 for his first lecture, in New York. \$2,000 for a lecture in each of ten other cities. \$1,000 for a lecture in each of a number of other cities, and \$500 a lecture in yet smaller places. In New York Stanley was sold, in

the language of the lecture bureau, to a

hospital for \$5,000, which was equally

divided between lecturer and manager. and the gross receipts of the lecture were nearly \$14,800 George Kennan has been the steadest attraction of the lecture platform in recent years. His prices when lecturing are usually from \$200 to \$250 a night, and he was able to command these prices season after season. Probably no other explorer. save Stanley and Du Chaillu, obtained more than \$100 a lecture, the usual price in the best days of the business to the really popular lecturer.

Beecher and Talmage were the most popular clergymen on the lecture platform. Neither attracted large audiences as lecturers in New York or Brooklyn, for the obvious reason that they could be heard free in their own pulpits.

Outside of New York Talmage sometimes commanded \$1,000 a lecture. His vogue lasted a long time, as did that of Reacher.

Beecher.
Most of the English pulpit orators who came over to this country lecturing had a very moderate success. Dr. Parker's tour was cut short. The Rev. Dr. Watson was the only British preacher to have a striking success in the United States. His prices were high, and he went home well content with his profits. Dr. Watson, however, had the double advantage of being both pulpit orator and popular writer.

English men of letters have had great success as lecturers in America, but only

the most popular can now command an audience at good prices. Even Arnold, with his low voice, unimpressive delivery and gravity of subject, had considerable success here.

Of course the earlier success of Dickens Dickens was a poor reader of his own works. It is recorded that before stepping on the platform he regularly made up with rouge and powder, so that he appeared to his additional powder, and wounger than he really

and powder, so that he appeared to his audience ruddier and younger than he really It is the guess of those who know the history and condition of the lecture business that Kipling is the only man of letters who within the last five years could have com-manded \$1,000 a night on the lecture platpopularity. He could never be induced to lecture.

Politicians, either domestic or foreign. have not been successful lecturers in the United States. Michael Davitt tried lecturing in this country with very moderate success. Redmond did even worse. Par-nell, of course, could have commanded great audiences and high prices.

The late Senator Ingalls, who was widely

known as a brilliant speaker, who had been president pro tempore of the United States Senate, and hoped for greater things, undertook to lecture, but abanthings, undertook to lecture, but added the platform after delivering a course doned the platform after delivering a course doned the platform after delivering access. of six lectures with no very striking success. William J. Bryan has had no great success on the lecture platform. Within ten years it was possible for a copular man of letters, a war correspondnt fresh from the field, or a scientific cel-

ebrity to obtain lecture engagements at

\$100 a night, or even more, and on rather short notice. The late William Hamilton Gibson, who had a subject peculiarly his Gibson, who had a subject peculiarly his own, illustrated in a singularly original fashion, received \$200 a lecture.

Mr. Cable for some years had no difficulty in commanding \$100 a lecture. Mark Twain has been for some years the strongest attraction among American men of let-ters. He can command at any time \$500 a lecture, and probably could do even better a lecture, and probably could do even better in a special tour. He and Cable were very successful in their joint appearances, and there was even more fun behind the scenes than on the platform, for Mr. Clemens took great delight in gently teasing his

nild colleague.

Lecture managers have tried in vain to nduce some of the greatest celebrities to lecture. Senator Depew steadily declines to lecture, except occasionally for a charity. Gladstone was approached again and again with striking inducements to come to America on a lecturing tour, but he always declined. Managers do not trust themselves to estimate what he might have done had he come, but they have no doubt that success would have been of the most strik-Tolstoi is another celebrity that has at-

tracted the interest of lecture managers in America, but in vain. A young man who had a sort of academic relation to Hssn caught the old gentleman unawares at his favorite café on the other side, and proposed a lecturing tour in the United States but repented his audacity. The dramatist burst into angry declamation, intimated that there was hardly an honest man in America, and finally, drawing a much-worn America, and finally, drawing a much-worn newspaper clipping from his pocket, said "See, they are playing my 'Ghosts' in New York, and they do not say a word to me about royalties."

Col. Bob Ingersoll, as a lecturer, belonged in a class by himself. He was welcome almost anywhere in New York or outside, and at good prices, on any night in the week in a theatre, a lecture hall, or where-

week, in a theatre, a lecture hall, or ever men could assemble. His popularity was unabated up to the end of his life. Sir Conan Doyle is one of the few literary men to speak lightly of a lecturing tour in America. After a tour of three or four months, eight or ten years ago, he declared that he could have done vastly better in the same time and with less work and

